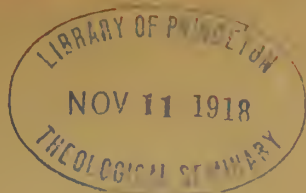


VOL. XIII



NO. 2

THE AMERICAN M^CALL RECORD

APRIL
1895



CONTENTS

Editorial Notes.—The Urgent Need.—The
Sunday School Pictures.—What Does a Station
Really Cost?—Our Mission and Foreign
Churches.—A Few of Our Sunday School
The Cold in France.—A Glimpse of the
Messenger.—Christmas in Salle New York
Life in a Village in the Ardèche.—A Mission
Mission Picture.—More Christmas Fêtes.—
Salle Dodds.—Survey of the Field.—Our Use
for the Flag.

THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

AMERICAN MCALL ASSOCIATION

ROOM 21, 1710 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, postpaid, 20 cents a year.

CLUB RATES, twenty or more subscriptions: To one address, 10 cents a year; to individual subscribers, 12 cents a year.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

FRENCH SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND AMERICAN CHILDREN. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. 8 pp. 60 cents per hundred, postpaid. Especially for Sunday-schools.

THE EVANGELIZING POWER OF THE MCALL MISSION. 16 pp. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. Price, 5 cents a copy.

A CONSECRATED LIFE, ELIZABETH ROGERS BEACH, MEMORIAL ADDRESS. By Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, D.D. 16 pp. Price, 5 cents a copy.

THE NEW RELIGIOUS SPIRIT IN FRANCE. By Prof. Jean C. Bracq. 4 pp. 40 cents a hundred, postpaid.

THE WOMEN OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM, 20 pp.; OUR DEBT TO FRANCE, 15 pp.; FRENCH PROTESTANTISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, 20 pp. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. Price of each, postpaid, 5 cents per copy.

THE LOST CHILDREN: A STORY OF THE MCALL MISSION. By Madame Pasteau. 16 pp. Single copies, 5 cents.

TWELVE QUESTIONS ANSWERED. Price, 35 cents per hundred, postpaid.

A NEW DEPARTURE, 4 pp. 45 cents per hundred, postpaid.

CHRISTMAS FÊTES IN THE MCALL MISSION, 4 pp. 45 cents per hundred, postpaid.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK IN FRANCE. By Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. Price, 35 cents per hundred

FIFINE: A STORY OF THE MCALL MISSION, 204 pp. Illustrated. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. Cloth, 65 cents, postpaid.

THE CRUISE OF THE MYSTERY IN MCALL MISSION WORK. 408 pp. Illustrated. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. Cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.

AMONG THE FRENCH FOLK, 128 pp. By Miss E. H. Moggridge. Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

All remittances except those for literature, should be payable to Mrs. Abraham R. Perkins, Treasurer, W. Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

All orders and remittances for literature should be payable to Miss Caroline Remington, General Secretary, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

VOLUME XIII

APRIL, 1895

NUMBER 2

Mrs. Katherine S. Nicholson having resigned the position of 'Treasurer of the American McAll Association, Mrs. Abraham R. Perkins has been elected to the office. On and after March 1st, all remittances, except for literature, should be made payable to Mrs. Abraham R. Perkins, whose address is West Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. For RECORDS and other literature, checks should be made payable to Miss Caroline Remington, General Secretary, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Auxiliaries have already received notice of the Annual Meeting to be held in the First Congregational Church, Pittsfield, Mass., April 17th and 18th. This is a week earlier than usual, the change being made in consideration of the Jubilee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, to be held in Philadelphia, April 24th and 25th, the date announced for our meeting in the last RECORD, which many of our members will desire to attend.

The general expression from the Auxiliaries is of approval of the change of form and date of appearing of the RECORD. Would it not be worth while to read it a little more carefully? For example, a letter was lately received asking if there was not a number between October and February. That point was carefully explained in the very first paragraph of the February number.

Mr. Gulick has spoken for the following Auxiliaries: Burlington, Vt.; Pittsfield, Mass.; Easton, Pa.; Belvidere, N. J.; Scranton, Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia, and Oxford, Pa.; Wilmington, Del.; Plainfield, New Brunswick, Elizabeth and Orange, N. J.; Providence, R. I.; Worcester, Springfield, and Westfield, Mass.; Norwich, New Haven, Windsor Locks, New Britain, Hartford, and Farmington, Conn.; Newark and Morristown, N. J.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Hamilton and Toronto, Canada; Utica and Albany, N. Y.; Boston, Salem, and Andover, Mass., and Portland, Me., with engagements pending for Brooklyn, Washington, Trenton, Worcester, and Wellesley, Mass. At Farmington, where there is as yet no Auxiliary, Mr. Gulick spoke in the Congregational Church. The impression made by him has been most favorable.

The Rev. E. G. Thurber, D. D., of the American Chapel, and of the Board of Direction of the Mission, Paris, with Mrs. Thurber, returned to America early in March. Dr. Thurber has exchanged pulpits for a few months with Dr. Charles Wood, of the First Presbyterian Church, Germantown, Philadelphia.

The Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, D. D., with Mrs. Hitchcock, and their three sons, will sail for Europe in June for a two years' trip abroad, during which they will visit the McAll Mission in Paris. Dr. Hitchcock is the oldest friend of the Mission in America, and one of its firmest friends, having known it from the very beginning, at which time Dr. Hitchcock was pastor of the American Chapel, Paris.

Professor and Mrs. Bracq have undertaken to edit the *Huguenot Quarterly*, in connection with the Franco-American Committee. This is not to be understood as showing lack of interest in the McAll Association on the part of these true and tried friends. Naturally, Prof. Bracq's interest is strongly enlisted in the building up of French Protestantism by all good means. One of the strong claims of the McAll Mission to the beneficence of Christians is that it has ever been and was by Dr. McAll designed to be a feeder to the Churches. The purpose of the Franco-American Committee is to build up the churches of the old Reformed Huguenot faith *financially*, that of our Mission to build them up *numerically* and *spiritually*. The two purposes are co-ordinate, and each helps the other. Prof. Bracq has lately spoken for the Auxiliaries of New York and Northampton, and is always ready to speak for the McAll Mission whenever he is asked to do so.

In this time of financial depression one Auxiliary at least kept its pledges *and more*. Are we mistaken in thinking that Meriden for this reason is the "banner Auxiliary"? Or are there others that have done as well?

Friends of the Mission should bear in mind that the work we call the McAll Mission is known in Paris as the *Mission Populaire*, and should be inquired after under that name. In many cases the work is even better known under the name of the nearest hall than under the generic name. People will know about *Salle Bonne Nouvelle* or *Salle Rivoli*, who do not know that it belongs to the *Mission Populaire*.

THE URGENT NEED IN PARIS.

LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT.

To the Auxiliaries of the American McAll Association,

Dear Friends :

You will remember (some of you) that special efforts were made last year to help the McAll Mission Board in Paris in its struggle with debt, incurred through losses by death of many of its large contributors. In making up the budget for this year they lopped off here and there, curtailing wherever it seemed possible without absolute injury to the general cause, until they felt they were on a sound financial basis; for, counting on the usual sums from this side, they could see their way straight and clear to the end of this year. But the usual contribution from this side has not come in. In the first six months only half the usual amount was raised, and the result is appalling. They have cut and pruned again until they say, "More cutting will be suicidal." And now what are we going to do about it? We upon whom this cause has been laid by our Heavenly Father's hand have something to do in this crisis. Let us make solemn work with the following questions :

Can we individually give more?

Can we interest others to subscribe?

Can we prevail upon a wealthy friend to make a liberal donation to the cause?

If we can answer one or all of these questions affirmatively, or with an "I will try," then let us be up and doing. The end of the year is approaching, when we must render our account for the work done in this corner of the Lord's vineyard. What can we do about it?

At a recent meeting of the Board, the following vote was passed :

"As a result of the discussion of the state of the treasury, it was voted to ask the Auxiliaries if, instead of waiting until the end of the year, each installment might include its five per cent., so that the running expenses of the Association may more easily be met."

For the Board,

MRS. C. H. PARKHURST, *President.*

New York, February 23, 1895.

We would again call particular attention to our literature, especially to our new publications, a complete list of which will be found on page 2 of the cover. We trust that our readers will send to the Bureau for an abundant supply for distribution.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICTURES.

The work of getting Sunday school pledges of twenty-five dollars each goes on encouragingly from our point of view. We now have pledges from twenty-seven schools. In addition to those given in our last number, schools have been taken by the North Broad Street Presbyterian and Ninth Presbyterian, Philadelphia; First Congregational, Northampton, and by five other schools of that town combining; by Plymouth Congregational, Worcester; First Baptist, Central Baptist and Second Presbyterian, Elizabeth, N. J.; by the Beneficent Congregational, Providence, R. I.; the Green Ridge Presbyterian, Scranton; the Glen Summit Chapel, the Brainerd Union, Easton, and by Mrs. J. L. Crozer, Upland, all of Pennsylvania; by the Congregational of Wethersfield, Conn.; the Emmanuel Congregational of Manchester, N. H.; the South Congregational of Chicago, Ill.; the First Congregational of Flushing, L. I., and by St. George's Protestant Episcopal and Madison Square Presbyterian of New York City.

This looks and is encouraging, for doubtless the good work will go on. But our friends should bear in mind that nearly a year has elapsed since we undertook this work, that nearly a hundred and twenty-five Sunday schools are dependent upon us for the lesson pictures and cards, and that so far only twenty-seven are provided for. Since Mr. Jacobs withdrew from his generous co-operation in this matter, the schools have been without these pictures. It is hard to realize the extent of the deprivation or its disastrous effects. More cogent than anything that we can write are the letters that come to Mr. Greig imploring that the pictures may again be sent. We give some of them. The first is from the French Protestant pastor of Rouille:

"Dear Sir and Honored Brother:

"I could not express to you how sorry we feel that the distribution of picture cards to the children has been suspended. I say suspended, for I hope very much that you will be able to send them to us again. Perhaps more than anywhere else these cards are useful at Poitiers. Really the children love the pictures very much; they creep into the meeting to get them. They receive then our instructions, sing our songs, receive our Gospels and New Testaments. The child takes the card away; some of the parents have it framed, putting them in rows; others have them bound; all are interested, and the Gospel is thus put before their eyes. It is not a single verse only that we want inscribed, but the whole narrative, as on the sheets formerly sent. This is a very simple, very practical and very real means of evangelization, and at Toulouse we had experienced happy results from it. We greatly desire, then, to be able anew to distribute the picture cards at least. I love to believe, dear sir and honored

brother, that it will be possible for you to enable us to do it. With friendly salutations,

“CH. CHAIGNE.”

Next comes an appeal from the pastor of the Reformed Church of France, Parish of Grenoble :

“*Dear Sir and Brother :*

“I have learned with keenest regret the discontinuance of the source from which the pictures came that so rejoiced and benefited our Sunday school children. You add, however, that another fountain may be opened in Christian America. I should like very much to be able to quench the thirst of my dear children, and I beg of you to help me find it. Our parish of Grenoble is particularly interesting. Situated in the heart of Dauphiny, at the foot of the gigantic Alps, it is composed to a large extent of glove-makers. When the children become pupils of our Sunday school, they tell at home what is done and what is said there, and show especially the pretty pictures that have been distributed among them ; and by this means many of their parents have come to us. They begun by coming timidly to the McAll popular evening meetings in our Salle du Faubourg, then little by little they have become bolder, and have entered our hall in broad daylight. The Sunday school is thus a threshold of evangelization, and we believe that the good news is often carried into the home by the little picture given to the child. I know from certain sources that the parents have begun by reading the little verse at the bottom of the card ; they have afterwards read the chapter ; and it is only a few days since I distributed a goodly number of Bibles to families that possessed none, and who wished to read the chapter giving the description of the picture. Oh, I entreat our brothers of America not to stop this source of evangelization. May one of our sister churches there be good enough to adopt the sister at Grenoble. Our school is, God be thanked, very prosperous.

Fancy that, of a population of seven hundred Protestants, we have one hundred and thirty-two children registered in our school and coming very regularly. Oh, I must say that the dear little picture has much to do with the regular attendance ; and if our American sister whom we ask to adopt us could see the joy depicted on all the little faces when I arrive with my package, she would not hesitate to prepare and send us one hundred and fifty cards. (I say one hundred and fifty, for we hope very soon to reach that number.) We count upon the kindness of our unknown friend, and we render to that one, in advance, our hearty thanks.

H. BARD, *Pasteur.*”

From an English missionary in Chantilly comes the following :

“DEAR MR. GREIG :

“We all feel the loss of the Bible pictures and cards so much that I feel

constrained to write you about them again. As you know, the work we do amongst the children is a most important one. About one hundred and fifty every week come within the sphere of our influence and teaching. Much blessing has been the result, and many little ones have been brought within the fold of the 'Good Shepherd.' I believe that our success, to a great extent, has been due to the use of the pictures and text cards. I am sure the good friends who have for so long a time sent them to us can have no idea what a power for good we feel to have lost. Our children are both English and French; many of them understand but imperfectly all that is said. It will be seen, therefore, what a blessed means it is to be able to teach them through the eye, as well as the ear; we find it a wonderful help to the heart. Most of our scholars treasure up the cards and bring them out when we visit the home. Many times a child has told me the chief points of a lesson long after it has been given, when the text and picture have awakened the memory. In one family I found a large album had been bought and the cards nicely arranged for the children's use.

"We have received letters from England and other parts to which families have removed, telling of the great good—'eternal good,' says one mother—the children have received as the result of our teaching. I have just received a letter from Tarbes to the same effect. There is no Sunday school there, but the children get out their cards, go through the lessons and sing their hymns on Sunday mornings.

"I hope and pray, therefore, that it may be laid upon the heart of our good friends to renew this good help to the teacher in the Bible picture roll, and these little Gospel messenger cards to the children.

"Yours faithfully,

W. HAWKINS."

Finally, we give this appeal from a pastor in Toulouse:

"MY DEAR MR. GREIG:

"I am sorry you have been unable to send us the Bible pictures for the current quarter. It has been a great loss to us. I am persuaded if the kind and good friends who have supplied them in the past only knew what a boon these are to us they would send on unhesitatingly; one can hardly overestimate the good they do and the valuable help they afford in our work for the Lord. Let me give you an idea of our *modus operandi*. In the first place, we use the pictures, as a matter of course, in our two schools. The work of preparation is just as difficult notwithstanding the pictures, but the work of teaching is easier and more effective, for we not only speak to the ear, but we also appeal to the eye, and thus take advantage of the only two methods by which the mind is reached—humanly speaking, I mean. Then we use the same pictures in our meetings for adults, in our three halls, to illustrate our lectures. Thus, for

instance, we have quite recently concluded a series of lectures in our three 'salles;' subject, 'Incidents in the Life of Our Lord,' to illustrate which we used the pictures of the third quarter 1894, commencing with the birth of the Lord and ending with the woman of Samaria. These discourses have been most fully appreciated by our people. After using the pictures as described above, we dispose of them in two ways: First, some are sold at fifty centimes each, the money being used for the schools for tickets, small rewards and paying part of the expenses of our Christmas tree. Then what is unsold we give to the scholars as rewards in return for twenty tickets. What is done with the pictures after? you ask. Well, in many cases, by those*who are in a position to do so, they are framed and used to ornament and embellish the homes of the people. In the case of the poorer folk, the pictures are pasted on the walls, where they are ever telling the people silently something of the Lord and of His Gospel. Can any one estimate the good results which, under God, may follow even this simple method of evangelizing? God's word is ever powerful and is often quick, and, as each picture contains a quotation from the Holy Scriptures, who can tell what the ultimate results may be? Month after month and year after year I am learning more and more the imperative need there is that God's people should use all legitimate means possible to spread the knowledge of Divine truth in France."

Are not the appeals pitiful? Do they not move our hearts to greater effort? The best answer that we can so far give is that from the 1st of April the small cards shall be sent for one quarter. We very much want to order rolls and cards for a year from July 1, but to do this it will be necessary to have a large number of schools taken, as otherwise we cannot get the needed discount, and the expenses of transportation are proportionately too great. We have more than sixty Auxiliaries, and each one represents from three or four to twenty-five or thirty churches. It ought not to be impossible to have one hundred more schools pledged before we scatter for our summer rest.

The French papers tell of an interesting American gift of one hundred dollars toward the building of a church. The gift was accompanied by the following note: "In memory of the Huguenot Claude Le Maître of Picardy. He was born at Richebourg in Artois, France. He came to Harlem, New York City, in 1652. His ancestors suffered much in France for the Protestant religion, at Ameins, in 1588. This money is sent by his descendant in the seventh generation—a lady eighty-four years old." This interesting gift was sent through a sister society, the Franco-American Committee. Are there not descendants of the Huguenots who would like to do as much for France through the McAll Mission?

WHAT DOES A STATION OF THE McALL MISSION IN PARIS REALLY COST?

BY WILLIAM SOLTAU, FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

This is a question often asked and one concerning which the executive of the American McAll Association has of late been in communication with the Paris Committee. We will, by the request of the President of the American McAll Association, proceed to answer it in detail.

What is the full cost of a station in Paris? The answer seems simple enough. Of course, the rent and the taxes, the care taker, lighting and warming. And is that all? Well, no; we must add the amount to be expended for the evangelists. And is that all?

Supposing now that some friends in the city of Z. express their desire to have a "Salle Z," in Paris. They are not ambitious and do not wish to undertake a large central hall, but an average size station in a faubourg. They would like to have it open three nights a week, to have a Sunday and Thursday school, and as soon as possible, meetings for young men and women. Then a mother's meeting should be added, and occasional meetings for singing, temperance work, etc. This excellent programme, what we may term an average one for a station as suggested, they desire to see carried out.

Now, as to "ways and means." They are informed that the rent of such a station would be about \$500; taxes and insurance, \$50; care-taker, etc., \$200. Then a sum of least \$500 would be needed for evangelists. They understand that the ladies' work is all gratuitous, and that a special subscription from a few will be expected for the fetes and expenses of the mothers' meetings. To all this they gladly agree, and are delighted to think of having their "Salle Z" for a total cost of \$1250 a year together with the little extras above named. They are quite sure that the auxiliary at Z will be able to raise that amount, and they write to headquarters to know "how soon may we expect to hear that our hall is to be opened?"

They receive a reply which at first astonishes them not a little. It is to the effect that the cost of the proposed new hall has been by no means fully stated in the figures mentioned. They ask for an explanation and are informed that several not unimportant items have been overlooked.

For instance, who is to furnish the funds for the traveling expenses of the evangelists, lady workers, teachers, etc? Then who is to provide for the doorkeepers for adult meetings and schools? (For the former, they are needed to ask in the passers-by and to keep order, and for the schools to maintain quietness and order at entrance and exit.) Then where will the money be forthcoming to supply the organists in the summer months, and in case of

the illness or absence of the voluntary players? Also for the teas and little expenses for the workers to save their time in hastening from meeting to meeting? And yet again, who will provide the Bibles, Testaments, hymn books, literature and school material absolutely required?

They receive the following estimate of expenditure to be counted in opening the Salle Z :

Rent	\$500
Taxes	50
Caretaker	200
Evangelists	500
Doorkeepers	100
Organists	20
Omnibus fares	60
Teas, etc	20
Bibles, hymn books and literature	50
<hr/>	
	\$1500

They then see that the full cost of such a station may be roughly estimated as being three times the rent, and that for every dollar paid out for rent, two more must be reckoned as needed for the various items needed named above.

In examining this account, one friend was heard to remark that they always understood that "the Mission found the funds needed for the different amounts other than rent, etc." The reply was given that in nearly, if not all, cases the general funds have had to supplement the gifts specially sent for various stations appropriated to the Auxiliaries, but that the serious falling off in the general funds, from deaths and trade depression, has caused this to be a heavy burden.

It was also pointed out to the friends at Z, that it was here that difficulty often arose; an Auxiliary contributing only two-thirds (and not always that), had a station appropriated to them, and therefore that station could not be given to any other, while whatever was lacking from the contributions of that Auxiliary had to be found from the much diminished general funds. And if by reason of the strain it was suggested that economy should be made in reducing that station, or even closing it, the answer came that this would diminish the interest of the Auxiliary and still further lessen the income.

To end up our little parable, the friends at Z resolved at once to pledge themselves to find the \$1500, and even more, so that the new station might be opened without delay and without difficulty to the Paris Committee.

We have thus tried clearly to show what we mean by the full cost of a station in Paris, and reference to our annual balance sheet will still further

explain our meaning. We must hasten to add, however, that we have purposely omitted one item that will still further increase the sum total, viz., that of Administration expenses. In reckoning up the expenses in Paris of the administration of the whole Mission, which includes the salaries of those engaged in the office, printing of reports and traveling, rent and expenses of office, etc. (for details of which we refer again to the annual reports,) we shall find that we must add about ten per cent. to the above-named \$1500, to finally provide for our "Salle Z."

In looking over our list for the last financial year we find that only two Auxiliaries sent more than the full cost of their station, three others nearly paid the complete outlay, while the rest sent in amounts varying from three-fifths to one-fourth, and even less. We lay these facts before our friends and ask them to take them into consideration; remembering that expenditure goes on month by month at a very uniform rate, and that once we have entered upon an outlay, it is by no means easy to suppress it without injuring the work.

We must also add that we have not included in the above anything for repairs. When a hall has been in use for more than two or three years there is of necessity a certain sum required for cleaning up, painting, etc. When funds are low, as they have been of late, we have been compelled to forego any such expenditure, and hence some of our "interiors" are not quite so attractive as they might be. But we cannot do gilding without gold.

A letter from Marseilles to the *Eglise Libre*, the organ of the Free Church of France, tells how the Free Church in that city has opened a popular hall in one of the four quarters of the town, evidently modeled after the McAll halls. Meetings are held there on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and there are Sunday and Thursday schools for the children. It is interesting to learn that the pastor has procured for the Sunday school the colored pictures from Providence, R. I., which we have been using in our schools for several years past.

The writer of the French letter above alluded to says of the McAll work in Marseilles: "The Popular Mission is actively carrying on its work this winter. I have had the opportunity to become acquainted with its new agent, M. Jaccard; he is young and seems to be full of enthusiasm and animation. He must surely please the people, and I am convinced that he will be encouraged in his work. He is especially busy in the work of temperance, upon which he and M. Lenoir count much in preparing the way of the Gospel. It is a work which requires particular attention, for drunkards who are trying to reform are like sick persons who must be supported, watched over and cared for with affectionate solicitude.

OUR MISSION AND FRENCH CHURCHES.

An article on the McAll Mission, which appeared in the *Missionary Review of the World* some months since, contained a statement to the effect that, though the Mission founded no Churches, yet more than one Church had been its direct or indirect outgrowth. The statement was called in question by one of the French religious papers. Upon this, a well known pastor, who writes for *L'Eglise Libre*, under the pseudonym Agricola, made the following statement :

“Paris has benefited more than you may, perhaps, believe by the evangelization of the Popular Mission. I do not know the article of the *Missionary Herald* [Review], to which your article of the 14th alludes, but I do know very well, indeed, that in Paris, besides the station of the rue l'Arve, there have grown up several groups, containing certainly the best of elements, the seed of truly living churches. I know another thing, that there is too much hesitation in the Reformed Churches and also in the Lutheran, too much doubt as to the formation of annexes to the Churches in those quarters which have been long and faithfully evangelized [by the Mission]. We have acted too much toward the converts of the mission halls, as we act toward certain priests who have abandoned the Roman Church. We suspect the sincerity of their intentions, we fear possible back-sliding, notorious falls, and so we do nothing. This has gone on for years, and thus we have hindered the work from developing by way of transformation.”

That is to say, it is not the Mission that is in fault, but the conservatism and timidity of the French Churches. The writer goes on to say that only the Baptists have recognized their opportunity, and their churches are being much strengthened in consequence. It is not difficult to understand the readiness of the Baptist Church to believe in the stability of our Mission converts and welcome them to their Churches. M. Saillens, one of the most prominent pastors in the Baptist Church, was, so to speak, a child of the Mission, receiving his theological education through one of its friends, working in it from his youth, knowing and beloved by Dr. McAll; he knows the work too well to doubt of its stability, and, therefore, his church and those of his colleagues offer a warm welcome to our converts, many of whom are active members in their churches.

With regard to the statement in the *Missionary Review*, it will be remembered that Mr. Greig's Church at Bercy, an active and thriving Church, is entirely the outgrowth of a Mission station. The interesting intelligence comes to us, also, that the old Huguenot Church of Ledru Rollin in the Fauburg Saint Antoine, which was so wasted away as to be at the very point of death, when it was taken up by the Mission several years ago, has now become

a sufficiently vigorous Church, under its devoted young pastor, M. George Migot, to suffice to itself, under the care of the French *Société Évangélique*. It is no small cause of rejoicing for the McAll Mission to have been able thus to nurse back to life one of the historic Huguenot Churches. An item on another page tells of a gift to this Church from America, and an article by Miss Beard, also in this number, states that some of the women of Salle Rivoli (New York) are preparing to unite with it at Easter. We read in a recent French newspaper that a fine concert has lately been given by a well-known choral society, for the benefit of this church. The article describing the concert says that the Church carries on, among other things, an association of young men, one of young women, a primary school, a workingmen's reading-room, and other branches. These are so far from being a usual part of the work of French Protestant Churches, that it is obvious that M. Migot is simply carrying on the work instituted in his Church by the McAll Mission; and, here again, we have reason to rejoice that one at least of the historic Churches of France has been brought by it into line with modern methods.

Another witness to the influence of our Mission in the Churches of France comes from one of the river towns, where the *Bon Messager* was stationed for a time last summer. There has long been a Protestant Church in that city, but so few in numbers, or so straitened in means, or both, that they had never been able to own a *temple* or church edifice. But the devoted pastor threw himself heartily into the boat-work and engaged some of his people in it. And now they have their reward. The state of religion in that city was so improved by the visit of the boat, Christians became so warm, and new converts so many, that the Church gained courage to rise up and build, and their *temple* is rapidly drawing near to completion.

Another witness comes from the weekly prayer-meeting held in the Rue Royale on Friday afternoons. Pastor Jean Mayer, of the Lutheran Church, lately spoke there of the work of the little *salle* at Puteaux, which is in his parish, outside the *enciente* of the city. He said, that during 1893 he had received four members into his Church as fruit of the Mission, and had already, in 1894, received four more, and he hoped to admit one if not two before the year closed. He considered those whom he had admitted as among the brightest of his people, although they were of the poorest, some being unable to read or write.

Again, we have testimony from another source, as to the permanent quality of our work, and its service to the French Churches. At the annual conference of the Free Churches of the department of the Seine, held in Paris last November, it was stated that the work of the Free Churches of Paris, and espe-

cially the Chapelle Taitbout, was greatly extended by the McAll Mission work, especially in such halls as that of Bonne Nouvelle (*Salle Baltimore*). Chapelle Taitbout is the most important of the Free Churches in Paris, the Church of the Protestant aristocracy of the *ancien régime*, the church in which Pressensé preached, and Bersier until he went into the Established (Reformed) Church. To learn that such a Church is strengthened by the work in our halls is to learn much of the usefulness and permanent influence of our Mission. It is also to answer the perfectly legitimate and most important question, often asked, "What becomes of the converts?" They are for the most part absorbed into existing Churches; not so rapidly, perhaps, as might be the case, but very certainly, and thus they become a source of strength greater even than by the formation of new Churches. And still, as we have seen, where the circumstances appeared to favor it, new Churches have been and may again be formed.

L. S. H.

Many Americans know Cannes as one of the most delightful of places of winter resort. Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Cambridge have been spending part of the winter there and lately the Queen has stopped there. Watering places are not generally favorable to religion; the fluctuating population, the large display of wealth on the part of the people who, not being identified with the town, feel no moral responsibility with respect to it, and many other causes conspire to that effect. At Cannes, however, as our readers well know, the Mission has long had a well worked station, with a second and third in the suburbs, Grasse and Cannet. It is interesting to learn from the French religious papers that a deep religious interest has been felt in Cannes this winter. A very interesting Missionary Conference was held there in January, and it appears that the Reformed Church, which seats four hundred people, has since become so much too small for the congregations that there is talk of enlarging it. The French pastor writes as follows of our work there:

"On Sunday mornings at nine I take part in a meeting for mutual edification in the hall of the Popular Mission (McAll) where from sixty to seventy people habitually come together for the study of God's word and prayer; at eight in the evening I hold a meeting in the same hall. The number of attendants is one hundred and fifty or more. The hall is filling up and several cases of conversion have lately rejoiced Messrs. Martin and Webber (the regular mission workers). The annex of Cannet is kept up in spite of the difficulties opposed by a rough and unbelieving populace. The hall lately opened at Grasse is well attended, so well, indeed, that it has been necessary to enlarge it."

A FEW OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Ménilmontant—formerly a poor village built around a villa—extending over hilly ground, and densely populated, is not far from the cemetery of Père la Chaise, on the outskirts of Paris. Our *Salle Populaire* in the Rue de Ménilmontant is located in a busy commercial street, full of small shops, whose feeble efforts in trade reflect the poverty of the people.

The omnibus “Ménilmontant-Montparnasse” passes the door. The children swarm in this street, and if you should pass No. 39 on a Sunday afternoon about five o’clock, you would see about two hundred of them waiting for the doors to open. If you were a stranger and should ask the conductor, he would tell you that it is an “evangelical meeting.” From time to time, to remind those within of their impatience, they give a heavy pound on the iron shutters. When at last the doors are open, in they come, pell-mell, with shrill whistles that the guilty ones know are very difficult to be traced to their source. When they are seated the *salle* is quite full. They join heartily in the singing, each one anxious to have a book to himself. The quiet imposed during the opening prayer seems to many of them most amusing, but when quieted down they listen with interest to M. de Rougemont’s instruction. When those who are not *inscrit* (registered) go out, receiving at the door *un bon point*, the groups are formed. The classes are large, for the teachers are few. The very little ones are in a small room, quite as an infant department at home.

The exchange of *bon points* is made only on Thursday, and it often happens that a child holds up five *bon points* and wishes to be *inscrit* on the spot, in order to remain to the class instruction. Ivry has a large school like that at Ménilmontant.

We all feel the deprivation of the picture cards this year. The children treasure them, and they aid in impressing the lesson on the child’s mind.

Mr. Greig has a prosperous school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, as well as in our Church at Bercy. Here the numbers are smaller, but the children are more constant and regular in their attendance. In our Rivoli School, located between an aggressive Roman Catholic Church and a Jewish school, the attendance is still smaller, but we have a real hold on our children. They love their kindergarten well. Little Jean, who goes to school to “Les Frères,” says of himself and a friend: “We just think of two days in the week. We say there are so many days until Thursday, and then two until Sunday.”

Yesterday, in passing the old abbey church of St. Germain des Prés—thinking of Daudet’s *Le Petit Chose*, who lived close by—I went in. It was late in

the afternoon and the Church was dark, but on one side a light attracted me. In a side chapel a priest was giving religious instruction to a class of small boys. These children, from ten to twelve years old, were being catechised, the priest himself finding the greatest difficulty in explaining to them the two different kinds of sacraments. These roguish little fellows seemed to care very little for what the Church thought in the thirteenth century. Certainly there was nothing that could be of any value in their lives, nothing that indicated that the teacher was not speaking to mature minds, except the phrase "*Mes chers enfants.*" The contrast was strong between the formality and lifelessness of this religion and the teaching of Christ. There was apparently no heart in the work. It is easy to understand why so many of our children are real skeptics, and at first come to us only for the purpose of ridiculing us. Very few of the parents send their children; for the most part they come of their own accord. In my school I overheard one say to the other: "You should have come before, when I first told you." "It's very sure I would if I had known what it was like," was the reply. "Oh, if I could see God, I would embrace Him!" said one of my little boys. Thus the seed falls in good soil. ANNIE BEATRICE BEARD.

THE COLD IN FRANCE.

In one of our schools yesterday a little boy said that he was going to pray "that the winter might finish very quickly, because it is so tiresome." The continued cold is most extraordinary, and we feel the effects very much in our meetings, many of which are painfully small. In Salle Royale, last Friday, our prayer meeting was lighted by candles, as the gas pipes were frozen. The Seine has been frozen the entire length of Paris. Our Mission Boat was in great danger from the blocks of floating ice.

Le Bureau du Conseil Municipal has, in Paris, voted a distribution of 8000 francs for workmen thrown out of employ from the freezing of the river. The suffering among the regular attendants of the different halls is extreme, and we can do little to help them. I heard a poor woman, after the mothers' meeting at Rivoli, say: "Now we must go out into the street again. It is dreadful." In many of the homes of these people there is no fire. The women's meeting at Rivoli continues successfully under the directorship of Mme. Doy. Every week there are present about two hundred women; several among them are anticipating uniting with Mr. Migot's church this spring.

A pathetic little group was gathered about the stove a week ago, when one of our women brought in a poor, young mother, who, in passing our door, had almost fallen with her precious little bundle. Discharged from one hospital, she was on her way to the *Hôtel Dieu* (hospital), with a "*Permis d'entrée,*" but overcome with cold, we felt that she would certainly have died on the way, had it not been for the timely help. Many were the expressions, from our women, of faith in the loving Providence that brought her to our door, and the interest they took in the blue-eyed three week's baby was beautiful to see.

I have been obliged to close the kindergarten, as the mothers prefer not to let the little ones go out in the cold of the morning, but keep them in bed.

A GLIMPSE OF THE "BON MESSENGER."

[From the *Evangelist*.]

Finding that Miss Johnstone, the English helper who for fourteen years has given her services gratuitously to the work, and who writes so vividly and delightfully for the *English Quarterly Record*, was about to make a visitation to the *Bon Messenger*, now lying at Compiègne, we speedily arranged to accompany her. Upon the day of our journey, under the blue sky and bright sunshine, the fifty or more miles of the blessed country with verdant fields and forests touched with the yellow and gold of autumn were good to look upon. Two hours upon the train, with glimpses of the forest of Chantilly, in every shade of burnished copper and glittering gold; of villages and towns with smoky cream walls and grey roofs; of stately chateaus and of miniature rivers, winding and curving, making with wooded banks and islets a picture at every turn, and we were at Compiègne!

As we drove through the quaint streets to the hotel, we crossed the Pont Neuf, with its triple grey arches. From it we looked along the pretty, picturesque Oise to the left, but bewitching as it was in its simple rural beauty, we were disappointed, for there was no indication of the boat! Looking, however, to the right, we could not but exclaim at the singular beauty of the little river, with, in the distance, an islet with three or four trees! It was an etching one would gladly have forever framed. Nearer, close to the shore, lay three great, red canal boats; abreast, and nearer still, was the drollest craft that ever sailed upon sunny seas! One glance was sufficient. We knew it as we would the face of a friend. It was not what we had pictured, but we broke out in a glad, "The boat, the boat!"

It is a happy union of Church and State, a joining together (let us hope never by man to be put asunder) of canal boat and chapel, and as it goes from port to port, by the blessing of God, it is indeed a messenger of glad, good tidings to many a soul.

It is a funny looking thing! It does not "pretty much," neither will it ever be sacrificed for its beauty! A long, heavy hulk lying low in the water, upon it a long, low chapel, with upon either side four quite ecclesiastical looking windows of inexpensive colored glass, and at either end a porch with boxes of gay flowers the French so love to place everywhere, and various vines clambering picturesquely to the roof. The homely little craft grew very attractive, however, as the hours wore on. But for its preservation it sadly needs a coat of paint. Who wants to give it?

We found the interior quite churchly, with its open timbered roof and side brackets, and its rows of settees, melodeon, and reading-desk. It is inter-

esting to note how comprehensive its divisions and provisions are. Upon either side of the entrance at the stern, forming a vestibule, is a kitchen and cabin for the pilot; at the opposite end, a neat little "salon" and bed-room for the missionary in charge. At the kitchen end, in the day time, the seats are moved back, making a vacant space upon either side. In one stood a small dinner table, in the other some chairs and a work-basket. The evangelist in charge humorously remarked, "That is our *salon* and this our *salle-à-manger*!" Oh, how little satisfies and provides for these devoted and earnest workers, and how small are our gifts compared with their consecrated service.

To our regret, Captain and Mrs. Pim, who were associated with our every thought of the boat, had returned to the southern village where their winter's work lies. But the boat service is now in most able hands—an evangelist who was once a Romish priest, assisted by Miss M——, an Irish lady, being a resident of France, who has been staying at Compiègne for two months at her own expense. She is herself a trophy of the McAll Mission, with a story worth noticing here. Originally a Roman Catholic, then a nothingarian, and finally a free thinker, she was bitterly opposed to the Mission and lost no opportunity of throwing ridicule and condemnation upon it. One evening, passing the Salle Philadelphia, she noticed the illuminated sign, "Conferences," and, thinking it was a place for the discussions she loved so well, she went in. It was at the time of Dr. McAll's serious illness. Some reference was made to him, and it dawned upon her she was in a McAll meeting! Angry and furious, she arose to leave, hesitated, and remained to the close, became interested, and finally converted. And now, with old things passed away and a new song in her mouth, she is living and working for the faith she once labored to destroy. In view of this solitary case, who can limit the influence or result of the simple McAll Mission service?

As no service is held except in the evening, and some hours intervened, we strolled through the town and visited the Royal Palace of Louis XV., the scene of the gay courts of successive monarchs, and full of reminiscences of the two ill-fated Empressess, Marie Louise and Eugenie. We could not but feel the contrast between these regal apartments, with their story of folly, extravagance, and selfishness, draining, in fact, the very life blood of the country and people, and the humble little craft lying upon the river below, bringing the blessed tidings of the life laid down, that all that believe might live! Over the life represented by the stately palace and the lovely gardens has been written, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," but above the little boat hovers, like an aureole, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away." Oh, is it not a privilege to help this little leaven which

in God's good time may leaven the whole lump? Let us no more think or call it toil or self-denial, but privilege to place our modest gifts and our little strength beside His, who is so mighty to save.

A few minutes after seven we were at the river bank, and found gathered a group of some forty or fifty persons waiting for the opening of the gangway gate. Miss Johnstone had brought some illustrated French papers for distribution. The avidity with which they were received by men, women, and children, made us regret that it had not occurred to us to have sufficient to feed the whole multitude.

Following the crowd we passed down the gangway and entered the vestibule and the cheerily lighted chapel. Could we help thinking, as we felt our desire was at last fulfilled, of the Psalmist's, "My feet shall stand within Thy gates, O Jerusalem"? We were given seats at the pulpit end where we could see everything.

Very soon every seat was occupied, and before us were from 125 to 150 souls. Some in grimy working dress, showing "the horny hand of toil;" some very plain, but cleanly in appearance; a dozen soldiers in uniform, and several so well dressed as to be evidently of a better class. No more attentive audience could be desired. The faces were neither stolid nor hard. There was the look of children, a pleased, wondering gaze, as if hearing something new, without questioning or doubt, and so good they did not wish to lose any of it. Miss Johnstone sat down by the melodeon, and several familiar Moody and Sankey airs were sung, awakening with us, at least, memories tender and dear. The oft-repeated refrain of "Even Me" made us home-sick, with the thought of the first time we heard it, a time of deep religious interest in our own land, when the air seemed full of

"Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me."

Prayer and then a Scripture reading, followed by an earnest talk by the evangelist, and at 8.30 the meeting was closed. Quietly the audience dispersed, and ten minutes later, marvel of marvels, the room was full again and a second service begun. The Rev. Merle d'Aubigné, who had been speaking there for a few days, had gone to a neighboring village, and a neighboring pastor had agreed to preach. Being prevented from coming, Miss Johnstone took his place and talked with a spirit and glow which held the audience as by a spell. The people, as in the Mission halls, come and go. The soldiers have to leave at a certain hour, but it does not distract attention.

Once in the evening, in the semi-darkness, beyond the vestibule, three young cooks appeared, in the white enveloping aprons and caps they always

wear. As they stood with arms resting upon one another's shoulders, three white-robed figures in the half light, with the refrain of "Even Me" floating in the air, the effect was dramatic and singularly strange and beautiful.

One well-dressed, well-to-do looking man asked the lady with Testaments and hymn-books, "What have you for sale?" She told him Testaments, etc. He purchased one, saying he did not know what it was, and soon after passed out. But he went not out as he came in, for something followed him asking that the word might not return unto Him void.

It was almost ten o'clock when we left. The placid river was grey and silvery in the soft moonlight; the boat (that little Argosy bringing rich spiritual blessing unto many) a black silhouette against it. With hearts subdued and tender with the holy influence of the hour, we strolled along the river road, and as we reached the silent city, turned and looked again at the *Bon Messenger*, and left it "to silence and to Thee."

Sail on, O Ship of God, sail on!

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

W. B. L.

PARIS, October, 1894.

CHRISTMAS IN SALLE NEW YORK.

The fête of the Sunday and Thursday schools of the Salle New York was held on the evening of the twenty-seventh. The hall was tastefully decorated with palms, evergreen, mistletoe and holly. From the gallery were suspended the French, English, Russian and American flags. The tree stood in place of the pulpit, trimmed simply with white and gold, and made a very fine appearance. The large red screens were decorated with the pictures of the Nativity, and the Resurrection framed in a wreath of holly. Above the pictures, in white cotton lettering was written: *Jésus est né* and *Jésus sauve*. They were very effective.

The children of the Kindergarten sat in the front row in their little chairs. Now and then some little head too sleepy would nod in spite of all the efforts its little owner made to take in the wonderful scene.

Mr. Greig and Mr. Brown and the Rev. Dr. Thurber addressed the children. Miss Johnson's young women, and the young men of the Club sang; Mr.

LeRoy, their director, gave a violin solo, and an accomplished young pianist added to the common enjoyment. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the American Church was well represented, and the beautiful gifts which our children received all came through the generosity of that Church and Sunday school. One little maid was found crying bitterly with a warm skirt in her lap; on being asked why she wept, she sobbed out: "I want a doll." We dried her tears by the promise of a *poupée*. The order throughout the evening was perfect.

At the door each child received an orange and a cake. Besides the warm scarfs and skirts, the swords, drums and dolls, what happy memories were carried away!

The woman's fête was held on the afternoon of January 4th. The hall was prettily decorated with ivy by one of the women, and each one of the lady workers was remembered with a plant or a bouquet of flowers. Mr. Greig addressed them in opening. Mr. Dumas wished them a good and happy new year, reminding them of the conditions of happiness, Mr. Brown adding some cheery words. About two hundred women were present, and nearly as many garments distributed among them. Mrs. Thurber, aided by one of the ladies of the Women's Benevolent Society of the American Church, distributed the articles which the Society made during the year.

One poor woman who received a warm and comfortable dress skirt said: "The Lord sent me just what I most needed, for I have only what I have on, and I did often find myself embarrassed to come to the meetings in the same skirt in which I did my cleaning."

Another one of our women has recently moved to Ivry, and although ill she had come all that distance—several miles—not suspecting that it was the afternoon of the fête. "Oh!" she said, "when I can only come here, I am always so happy, so happy."

Yesterday afternoon, January 6th, at the four o'clock service Mr. Brown invited any who wished to remain to the classes for Bible study. He explained the design of the meeting, and many attested to the benefit they receive through the hour thus passed each week. Several most touching prayers were offered. Afterwards hot coffee and refreshments were served by the teachers of the various classes. "Well," said our good *concièrge*, "we *have had* beautiful fêtes of late, but now they are over."

I am sure the help and courage they have given will long cheer many a lonely heart. Certainly wherever the McAll Mission goes it carries the Christmas light and hope with it.

A. B. B.

LIFE IN A VILLAGE IN THE ARDECHE.

BY MISS JEAN GREGORY.

[Miss Gregory, who has been for a number of years one of our Paris workers, but whose health does not permit her to remain with us, has gone to pass the winter in the village of St. Fortunat, at the earnest request of Pastor Narbel, who needs help among the young women of his parish. The Mission contributes to the expense of the Mission work at Dunières, which Pastor Narbel carries on.]

If anyone wishes to be "far from the madding crowd" St. Fortunat is the very place for him. But though we are out of the world we are not shut out, for there are every day three trains up the valley and three down; coaches also, looking like weather-beaten traveling shows, run daily. I sent a commission by one of these coaches to a neighboring town, and in eight days received the articles ordered. This may have been an exception, but we are really in no hurry here.

During the five weeks that I have been at St. Fortunat I have twice met a cyclist, and had the idea: "He has lost his way and is hurrying to find it!"

The valley is very sweet, brightened by its winding river, and closely shut in by its low hills—the *Basses Cevennes*. Vines grow up to the very top of some of them, others are rocky and grim. Mulberry trees are numerous on the lower slopes. In spring the silk worms are fed on the young leaves. Almond, peach, fig, plum, cherry and chestnut trees abound. The finer kind of chestnut, distinguished by dark lines on the shell, is called "Marron," the ordinary kinds, such as are sold in the streets of Paris, are called "Chat-aignes."

Small clusters of old, brown, rough-walled houses nestle closely together in the hollows or on the slopes, in color scarcely distinguishable from the hill-side. The house door opens direct into the kitchen—the family sitting-room—clay-floored, large, dark and dingy. Most families have a silkworm room for the production of cocoons. Silk winding and silk spinning factories employ nearly all the young girls of the valley at the wages of one franc a day. The men and lads "labor" the ground. Ploughing is impracticable owing to the smallness of the fields and the number of trees in them.

St. Fortunat is a very small and not very tidy village, principally Roman Catholic. Dunières is mostly Protestant, and decidedly cleaner and more attractive.

The Roman Catholics are not at all friendly to the Protestants. The curé said one day in Church, while reproving some naughty girls for stealing: "You should leave that to the Protestants. It doesn't matter for them, as they have

no souls." Their children are taught by the Frères and Sœurs instead of being sent to the communal school, which is, of course, gratis.

The factories begin work at 5.30 a. m., and go on till 6.30 p. m., with three intermissions of two hours in all for food. On Saturday they stop at 5 p. m. By eight o'clock in the evening a dead silence usually reigns. The village is asleep.

Nice old patriarchal customs prevail. When you pay a visit, it must be long. You must partake of something—*café noir*, milk heated and sugared, grapes, cherries steeped in brandy—and you will be escorted a long way back. Luxuries are rare, and it is wonderful how well one gets on without them. I never think now of a soft, easy chair or a sofa. Carpets are few and far between. When the pastor got a present of a study carpet, "*Où est-ce que je me met les pieds ?*" (Where shall I set my feet ?) said the first parishioner who came in, his *sabots* left, as usual, in the kitchen. "The pastor eats his dinner with flowers on the table !" went the round of the astonished parish.

But how kind, how friendly, these simple-living people are ! One of the Y. M. C. A. members carried my box from the station and refused payment. "*Ce n'est que mon devoir*" (It is only my duty), said he. I have been receiving presents of fruit and vegetables ever since I came, and fine bouquets of chrysanthemums. Eighteen of my girls—the Y. W. C. A.—have come to see me, the factory girls after their long day's work at seven in the evening and the country girls in a band on Sunday, before our meeting. They are modest and serious in their deportment.

The term "factory girl" here has not the meaning which it has in large towns. In our meeting on Sunday afternoons we are studying Old Testament subjects. They listen with much interest, and are ready with the repetition of the verse given out the week before, and with their Bibles to find all the verses in the New Testament bearing on our subject. We collect for the Basutos, our treasurer going round with the missionary-box at the close of each meeting. I was glad to hear one of our number remarking that we had lost a day for our box when M. Narbel had the general meeting of both associations, but she added that she thought the girls would make it up the next time. They are very fond of the hymns, and have learnt three or four of the new ones in the supplement.

There are two Mission schools besides the Congregational Sabbath school in the Church after the morning service. One is held at Dunières on Wednesday at four o'clock, and the other here on Friday at twelve. The children behave very well and listen well to M. Narbel's picturesque and touching addresses. They answer intelligently, and are quite eager in learning the new Christmas hymns. Some of the boys sing very sweetly.

There was a special meeting for the *conscripts* the other Sunday, presided over by a Colonel from Valence, son of a pastor. Both he and M. Narbel gave them words of warning and encouragement, and they sang two of our more warlike hymns. The hall was packed full. The decorations of flags and evergreens were very tasteful. The young soldiers' last visit when they go, and their first when they return, is to their pastor.

A McALL MISSION PICTURE.

[From the New York *Evangelist*.]

When I was in Paris four years ago I determined to gratify, if possible, an earnest desire to visit one of the McAll Mission stations, or "Salles Évangéliques," as they are called. Several years before I had had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Mr. Newell, when he was in this country, and I had never lost the genuine interest in the work awakened by his earnest words.

Upon making inquiries in our *pension*, we discovered two American girls who had lived several years in Paris and had assisted in some branches of the work. They gave us many interesting facts in regard to it, and they, as well as others whom we met, familiar with the different missions, advised us to go to the "Salle Philadelphie," Rue Royale, on Sunday afternoon. Upon arriving there, we at first felt a little disappointed to find that it was the aristocratic congregation that assembled there, but as it afforded us our one opportunity of hearing Dr. McAll and meeting his devoted wife, we never regretted the decision.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon in September that we drove down the Champs Elysées. The air was crisp, the sun bright, and the avenue so full of carriages filled with gay pleasure-seekers, it was hard to realize what day it was. One cannot but admire the family spirit with which the French "bourgeois" celebrates his holidays, for as such Sunday is only too often counted by him. Cabs which in America would seem hardly large enough for two, would have father and mother and two or three children stowed away within their narrow bounds, while the landaus fairly brimmed over with "grand-père," grand'mère," "papa," "maman," and "des enfants" without number, with a "bonne" sandwiched in between.

We were very early, and there were but few present, mostly gathered in groups and chatting near the door. We entered and took our seats on the plain benches, gladly improving the opportunity to examine the room and watch the worshippers as they arrived. Plain people, but thoroughly respectable and well-to-do, neither poverty nor wealth apparently being represented there. Indeed, we were afterward reminded of them by the middle-class con-

gregation which filled Spurgeon's Tabernacle the Sunday morning we worshipped there.

At last a slight rustle of expectancy announced an important arrival, and three ministers, accompanied by Dr. McAll, took their places upon a plain platform, ornamented by an equally plain reading-desk, while Mrs. McAll slipped quietly into her place at the cabinet organ, and the services began. A reading of the Scriptures followed the first hymn, and from that time prayer followed hymn, and sermon followed sermon, until six o'clock, without any variation in the attitudes of the congregation beyond a slight bending of the body and a reverent bowing of the head during prayer time. Two of the clergymen delivered sermons, the third made some remarks, and the service was closed by a few tender words of parting from Dr. McAll. It had been announced early in the afternoon that he was too ill to be present, but his loving heart forbade his remaining away, and he had come under promise not to participate in the services.

Of course we could understand but little of the drift of the sermons, but the speakers' voices were pitched in such a high key, and they spoke with such a curious, "rapidly distinct" enunciation, that it seemed as if but slight practice would train our ears to the understanding of the foreign tongue, while their manner was so magnetic, we could readily understand the rapt attention paid them by the congregation. To our American muscles, accustomed to no more even than the moderate relaxation of the Presbyterian form of service, there was a decided sense of fatigue as we became convinced that no change of position was to be expected, and without the genuine interest excited by our unique surroundings, the long sitting would have proved wearisome, coupled, as it was, with the sad barrier of the use of a foreign language. Fortunately we did not know our fate until we were too deeply interested to be affected by it.

The sweetest memory of that afternoon has always been the picture of Mrs. McAll as she sat at the cabinet organ during the prayer time, for we confess to a surreptitious turning of our eyes in her direction, and then could not forbear a second glance. The reproduction upon canvas of that quaint old world figure, with its sweet, devout English face, would have made a study worthy of admiration even in the midst of the Louvre art treasures. She sat before the organ with her refined, elderly hands crossed before her, the delicate fingers resting lightly on the keys, the bowed head framed in its cottage bonnet, a modernized copy of the one worn in her beloved England years ago, with its simple crossed ribbon and modest bunch of bright flowers nodding over the top. The soft gray curls upon each side of her face touched gently the cheeks

where still bloomed the roses of her girlhood. Twenty years, she afterward told us, she had lived in Paris, and the years of her life had long passed the half century line, but neither time nor environment had had power to fade the soft rose tints born of her native English air, to dispel the fragrant suggestion of English lanes and hedge rows which clung to the dainty old-time garments. The purity of a child's mind was mirrored in her face, and this notwithstanding a life of twenty years in Paris, spent amongst the lowly and the unholy.

We were sorry not to speak to Dr. McAll before we left, but in her soft English voice she begged us to spare him. He was really wretchedly ill and unfit to be there, but for some reason he had felt that his presence might be helpful that afternoon, and she had not had the heart to keep him at home. As we watched the saintly looking man, with his feeble physique, earnestly speaking with the many who perhaps did not understand his condition, or to whom, may be, he had the "word in season" which he felt constrained to deliver, we felt it would be wrong to persist, and we came away, bringing with us only the unspoken, yet still powerful message which his very personality seemed to convey.

MORE CHRISTMAS FÊTES.

The *fêtes* began with the young men's of Salle Rivoli, and they had a bright idea, "That it is more blessed to give than to receive." They gave an entertainment to the *habitués* of our salle; they ornamented the room most tastefully with living palms and evergreens, borrowed a grand piano and gave us a musical and literary *soirée*, inviting our Young Women's Christian Association to help in the service of song.

The recitations were humorous, the music good, the singing excellent, and the Junior Union brought down the house by their chorus. The Pasteurs Monod and Gout were present from St. Marie Church, and Mr. Greig and I represented the Mission. The leader of the Young Men's Christian Association is blind. The *fete* was a decided success.

THE MOTHERS' MEETING

was very orderly. The outer fringe of unwashed and ill-dressed women has been eliminated, to the greater good of the meeting. Two hundred and seventeen women were present at the *fete*, which was well conducted by Mme. Doy. Dr. Thurbur was absent through ill health, but Mrs. Thurbur and a number of American ladies who work the warm garments and give time and money for this meeting were present and distributed the gifts—skirts, dresses, aprons, a package of coffee and sugar. Eyes brightened and hearts were touched by the

gifts and receiving them from the givers. M. Greig, Pasteur Dumas and M. Brown addressed the meeting. At the end of the *fete*, when the workers retired to take a cup of tea, the unanimous verdict was it had been one of the happiest and most satisfactory *fetes* of the mothers' meeting held in Salle Rivoli.

THE AGAPE FRATERNELLE

was held on the first Sunday of the New Year. It closes our festive season. It is the adults' school—our family gathering. A cup of coffee, a crescent roll and piece of cake were passed around by our teachers, and then talk began and prayers. The first part was occupied by a letter from Mr. Bourgoïn, now of Marseilles, once of Salle Rivoli. Is any story more strange than his? Can any fiction equal this fact? Seeking death, he found a life forevermore at New York Salle. Vegetating with his delicate wife in a back room in a court-yard of Vieux Paris, he was removed through the intervention of the Missionary to a room overlooking the deep blue Mediterranean Sea. His relatives, who had deserted him in his poverty, rallied round him and gave him a pension to begin life afresh. And now he is Director of the Asile Monod, a father to thirteen old, infirm wrecks of society.

Two letters lie before me—one to myself, the other to be read at the adults' school *fete*.

He tells me he has twelve *pensionnaires* and the cook, an old woman as deaf as the obelisk of Paris; that he conducts family worship; that he is trying to communicate the love of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, to hearts that are still closed. To our school he writes: "I have not forgotten Salle Rivoli, and the remembrance is very sweet. It was there that God made me a true Christian, thanks to the exhortations and good words I heard. Be blessed, dear Mr. B., and with you all who proclaim the good news in that *salle*. * * * I firmly believe that you, dear M——, were God's chosen instrument for the accomplishment of His purposes of grace towards me."

He then asks our prayers that he may fulfill his task, and closes with prayers to his fellow-students that they may become true Christians and find peace in their hearts.

We had three talks from the men, a good word from a lady teacher, a little talk from a woman who gave thanks to God, and a testimony from the Bible woman, and at 6.30 the Agape closed with the song,

"Grand Dieu nous le benissons."

And now we are launched out into another year. The past year has been a time of quiet progress. Our present is hopeful. May the year 1895 be a prosperous one to you in America and to us in the McAll Mission in France.

S. R. BROWN.

SALLE DODDS.

Among the most enthusiastic of our Mission workers is Pastor Escaude, and the hall at Grenelle, erected by the Mission some eight years ago, is my ideal of a "Salle Populaire."

It is in reality a Mission-church, of the Congregational denomination, but it belongs to the McAll Mission, and is named Salle Dodds.

19 Rue de l'Avre, not far from the Champ de Mars, is in one of the poorest parts of Paris. On one side of the church, which is a plain building, is the home of Pastor Escaude, with a small garden in front. The door beyond the gate of the garden enters into a court-yard where the boys and girls await the opening of the schools. On Thursday afternoons the yard is open for games, at one o'clock. Pastor Escaude, supplemented by his devoted wife, is most progressive in his methods of work, in all its branches—church, mission, public meetings, Sunday schools, young men's and young women's meetings, industrial school, and mothers' meeting, etc.

The Medical Mission is most interesting. The attendance is always large, averaging sixty every Monday afternoon. A religious opening takes up a half hour, and the rest of the time is spent in conversing with the sick as they await their turns. The pharmacist puts up the prescribed medicine gratuitously. Another most interesting work of the Salle Dodds is "*L' Oeuvre des Loyers.*" This work aims to facilitate the payment of the rent of the workingmen. Five centimes is given on each franc as recompense for efforts toward economy and habits of order. We are so often called upon to help our *habitués* in difficulty, that the work is really needed. Would that in all our halls we could, in some such systematic way, help our people to lay by, regularly, money for the landlord. I attended recently, in this hall, a union adult temperance meeting. The societies of the Left Bank (of the Seine) were all invited to attend. The hall was most tastefully decorated with ivy. The symbol of European peace, the English, French and Russian flags on the one side, and the banners, among them the blue and white banner of the Band of Hope, on the other. The speakers were most earnest and the singing most spirited. Coffee and cake were served during the evening, and the social gathering broke up about eleven o'clock.

A. B. B.

A lady of Geneva, recently dead, left a bequest of 20,000 francs "for the Evangelization of Savoy after the McAll method." Unhappily the bequest was not properly drawn up. It is none the less a testimony that the admirable methods of the McAll Mission are becoming more and more widely appreciated.

SURVEY OF THE FIELD.

BOULEVARD BONNE NOUVELLE.

The meetings have kept up with unabated interest. An interesting case has lately come under our notice. In August, a woman who has been for a considerable time a regular attendant, and who has found the Saviour there, asked M. L'Eplattenier, the zealous door-keeper, to come and see her husband, who was seriously ill. He told her to ask Pastor Cordey to come, as he interested himself specially there. But on her earnest entreaty, he went at once. He found the husband in a very weak state, but by no means glad to see him. However, he read a few verses and spoke a little about the Great Physician, and before leaving offered to pray, which request was barely granted. The wife was very anxious that he should come again, notwithstanding her husband's more than cool reception of him. So he returned, and was received with something approaching cordiality. Again he read and spoke and prayed, and the sick man seemed to listen to all that was said. He now visited him regularly, and asked Pastor Cordey and others to do the same. Little by little the light seemed to enter the dark heart, and he appeared to receive the Gospel message. He had lived a bad life, and had given his wife cause for much sorrow. She was sincerely anxious for his soul's salvation, though in the conflict of different feelings of sorrow and of indignation for the past, she could not help reproaching her husband for all he had brought upon her. He bore it patiently and seemed to accept it as most justly deserved.

When the end came he was in peace, and refused to have the priest sent for. He said he was not afraid now to meet God, for he had been taught the way of salvation.

NICE.

The last four weeks have been full of interest. The soldiers' work has well begun in the new hall. We have already most of our old *habitués* around us, and they have all promised to bring the new recruits who will be quickly arriving. At the beginning of the season the gatherings are always of a more intimate character, and my father has interesting conversations each evening with them. He is able to induce many to attend the Gospel Meetings in our Central Hall. He receives many touching tokens of gratitude from these young fellows for whom he thus makes a home where they can pass their evenings. The other day a Christian father and mother came to see their son who lay ill in the military hospital; they came to our meetings and then to see me to thank me for the good we have done to their son, and to beg us to watch over him as he is surrounded by special temptations.

On Sunday, 11th November, our hall was overfilled, on the occasion of

the week of prayer for the Y. M. C. A. I believe the Spirit of God is working amongst us here.

LOUIS BIAU.

DUNIERES AND LA FRANCE

The people gather early from the hills for Church, and sit on the low wall or stand about quietly talking till it is time to enter. Sabots are for the most part discarded on Sundays, but not so the neat "bonnets blancs," which even the young married women wear, reminding me of the fisher girls in the North of Scotland, who used to go to church with just such nicely frilled white caps.

In manner the people are undemonstrative, staid and grave, though not without a touch of humor. The singing in church is funereal. I thought I played the instrument very slowly, but an "ancien" was heard whispering to his neighbor "Cela galope." This sad way of praising God must be a relic of the times of persecution, as also the practice of interring the dead in their own ground. If the "six foot" can be spared it is fenced around, but usually it is sown over the first sowing time. When the Protestants of a hundred years ago were hunted like wild beasts to prison, the galleys, and death, they buried their dead where they could—in the garden, or the yard, or the cellar.

The Dunières hall is well filled on Sabbath evening. M. Narbel is much beloved. His addresses are always evangelical, earnest and striking. The congregation on Sunday is much increased since he became pastor, and our people are growing more "charitables," said a venerable elder to me. But the amount of sous put into the bag is awfully small for an *auditoire* of four or five hundred people. If a franc is found in the collection the wonder is—where it came from.

One of the heroines of the tower of Constance was carried off from La Traverse, a hamlet above Dunières. The concierge of our Salle lives at La Traverse—a young girl, once a slender, graceful child. The factory work brought on a long and serious illness and left her deformed—a hunchback. But her sweet, gentle face shows no signs of repining, her only regret is not for herself, but that she can gain so little for her family, of which, notwithstanding her feebleness of body, she is the mainstay. She is a loving, self-forgetting soul. "C'est une sainte," said one of her neighbors.

So La Traverse has a Christian heroine to-day.

JEAN GREGORY.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

We had a most successful soirée of farewell to the young recruits leaving for their military service, in the room of our little Y. M. C. A., which is the same building as our chief hall. We numbered about sixty persons in all. The pastors of the French and Wesleyan Churches were present, and we had some music and then addresses. A tea was also given.

ALGIERS.

I feel it my duty to chronicle two fruits of the *Reunions Populaires* for the glory of God and for the encouragement of our brethren evangelizing our country. The first is an aged woman, born in a Protestant family, and having been trained in Switzerland. She had read of the sufferings and death of our Lord without ever understanding why he had thus suffered; she thought that it was simply to set us an example in the trials of life. She married a Catholic and came to reside in Algiers, her children being trained as Catholics. After her husband's death she was for a time in Paris, and attended some of the meetings of the McAll Mission. She was greatly interested, and made the acquaintance of Dr. McAll, as well as of several of his helpers. It was there that she heard and understood the Gospel in its simplicity and power. Now she comes to the services as often as she can, and is truly a light in her village, which is almost entirely Catholic. Her house is at Bethel, and to visit her is to find one's-self in an oasis, where the humble preacher is thankful to be able to refresh himself.

The second fruit is an humble servant, formerly from the north of France, born a Catholic. It was at Limoges that she was drawn to enter the meetings at first by curiosity. There she was converted. Her son, also a Catholic, a widower with a young family, came to Algiers, and his mother followed him. She attributes her pleasant voyage across to the prayers of her brethren. Dear sister, she can hardly read, but she is resolved to read the Bible straight through, and must be now somewhere in the book of Joshua or Judges.

Her son lives in a remote village, some twenty miles from Boufarik. I have made three visits in the nine months that I have been here, and I hope to go at least once a quarter. There are eight Protestants in the village, but this converted Catholic is one of those who welcome me the most.—From *Le Christianisme au XIX Siècle*.
TH. BOISSERET

MARSEILLES: THE LAST MEETINGS.

Sunday evening, some were sad at the thought of separation, and lingered to say good-bye. The choir burst out in song, and I thought it late to begin a singing-practice; when over the secret was out. It was a ruse, and I was called to the front. First I received a bouquet of flowers from a family of artificial florists, as a testimony of the great good they had received. The flowers were for madame. Then followed a gift of gold spectacles and a silver pen and pencil case, as a testimony from the habitués. It was very sweet; and more touching were the prayers of new-born babes, that forced tears to our eyes. Our last gathering came, we met to part, and at ten o'clock I bade them farewell. At 11 o'clock I saw on the platform 25 persons that formed a joyous, noisy group, and attracted a good deal of attention.

The train rushed in, a corner was secured, and my parcels arranged. had shaken hands all round when a man rushed up, shouting: "Oh! Mr. Brown, I was seeking you. I was afraid of being too late." It was Tounand, the strong man. Pushing forward, he said, "I must kiss you!" He took me up in his arms and kissed me. And with this kiss of peace and "*bon voyage*," I called out, "*adieu!*" His answer came, "*au revoir.*" S. R. B.

ONE USE FOR THE FLAG.

To-day we have "Le culte du drapeau," (the worship of the flag), and I read of a general kneeling to kiss the fringe of a flag, committed to his care.

On Sunday I went down to the "Quai du Port," without a subject. The dock was a scene of noise and excitement. Bands were playing on the steamer's decks, touters were shouting themselves hoarse to attract passengers to "trips on the sea," and the steamer's whistles increased the noisy din.

Our door opened, and the door-keeper, tracts in hand, said: "*Conférence gratuite; entrez.*" The room was soon filled, and my colleague, in a heated room, and to a restless congregation, gave an address. What should I say! Looking through an open window, I saw the ships of many nations, rocking gently in the open port, and their flags waving in the breeze. The French flag attracted my attention. Here was an object lesson, a text to hand.

Red: Image of sin. "Tho' your sins be red as crimson."

White: As white as snow, white as wool.

Blue: Heavenly mansions, the blue sky, "La Grande bleue," as the Mar-seillers call the sea; all lent themselves to our text, and the golden head of the flagstaff signified glory. White told us of grace. Gold of glory. At the close, I gave away gospels to whomsoever came to ask them. As the people went out, my colleague came and said: "Come and see a man weeping bitterly! Wait till every one is gone out."

It was an old friend who was weeping, and his wife had just entered the kingdom. He was crying, his wife was wiping his tears away with a handkerchief, saying: "Don't cry so! It hurts me! You have committed little sins, only a few, and God will forgive you."

"That's not it," I said. "The sins are many and very great, red like vermillion." "Oh! yes, sir! Your words, your words have gone through me!"

"Let us pray!" God had spoken, human words were out of place, so we knelt. Surely angels bent over us, and rejoiced over this one sinner repenting. It was sacred ground.

The wife in child-like language just talked to God.

The husband followed. It was a sob, a cry. Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.

When we arose from our knees, the tears were dried. Something had taken place just here, he said, putting his hand on his heart, and he was comforted. The next Sunday he gave his testimony at the temperance meeting, and at night both prayed at the prayer meeting. The Southerners are demonstrative. The flag has led to the Banner of the Cross. B.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

FROM DECEMBER 15, 1894, TO MARCH 15, 1895.

MAINE, \$2.00.

Lewiston—S. Robitschek \$2 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$25.00.

Manchester—Emmanuel Congl. S. S. . . . \$25 00

MASSACHUSETTS, \$1760.00.

Boston Auxiliary. \$1675 00

Northbridge—Jos H. Childs 5 00

Pittsfield Auxiliary 55 00

Worcester Auxiliary—Plymouth Cougl.
S. S. 25 00

CONNECTICUT, \$878.14.

Hartford Auxiliary \$400 00

Meriden " 136 00

Norwich "

" —Broadway Congl. Ch. 190 21

" —Park " " 105 54

" —First " " 23 52

" —Second " " 5 00

" —Miss C. Thomas 5 00

" —Mrs. J. B. Young 5 00

" —Rev. and Mrs. N. Beach 5 00

Winchester Y. P. S. C. E. of Congl. Ch. . . 2 87

NEW JERSEY, \$1332.35.

Belvidere Auxiliary. \$35 00

Elizabeth Auxiliary—Central Bapt. S. S. . 25 0

" —First Bapt. S. S. 25 00

" —Second Presby. S. S. 25 00

Morristown Auxiliary. 385 00

Newark " 300 00

" —Mrs. S. E. Nichols. 2 00

Orange Auxiliary. 250 00

Plainfield " 285 75

NEW YORK, \$3179.00.

Brooklyn Auxiliary—Lafayette Ave. Pres-
byterian S. S. \$25 00

Jamestown " 5 00

New York " 2742 00

NEW YORK—(Continued).

New York Auxiliary—First Congl. Ch.

Flushing L. I. . . . \$25 00

Troy " 382 00

PENNSYLVANIA, \$3448 31.

Bellefonte Auxiliary \$25 00

Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary 219 78

Duncannon Y. P. S. C. E. 10 00

Easton Auxiliary—Brainerd Union S. S. . 15 00

Lower Oxford Union S. S. 25 00

Oxford Auxiliary 17 73

Philadelphia Auxiliary. 2920 80

" —Mrs. M. C. Lea 5 00

Wilkes Barre Auxiliary. 200 00

MARYLAND, \$855.00.

Baltimore Auxiliary \$850 00

Sligo—Mrs. Wm. Thompson 5 00

DELAWARE, \$25.00.

Wilmington Auxiliary \$25 00

WASHINGTON, D. C., \$274.97.

Washington Auxiliary \$274 97

OHIO, \$245.00.

Cincinnati Auxiliary \$145 00

Cleveland " 100 00

KENTUCKY, \$85.00.

Louisville Auxiliary \$85 00

INDIANA, \$200.00.

Indiana Auxiliary \$200 00

ILLINOIS, \$136.00.

Chicago Auxiliary \$115 00

" " —South Congl. Ch. . . . 21 00

MISSOURI, \$26.72.

Springfield—Union Missionary Society . . \$26 72

CALIFORNIA, \$20.00.

Santa Ana—J. G. Van Rijn \$20 00

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of
dollars.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described
property.

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

President

Mrs. CHAS. H. PARKHURST, 133 E. Thirty-fifth Street, New York City.

Vice Presidents

Mrs. JAMES A. GARFIELD, Northern Ohio.
Mrs. J. V. FARWELL, Illinois.
Mrs. FELIX R. BRUNOT, Pennsylvania.
Mrs. FRANCES WAYLAND, Connecticut.
Mrs. A. F. BEARD, Eastern N. Y.
Mrs. W. H. FENN, Maine.
Mrs. J. K. STICKNEY, Dist. of Columbia.
Miss ANNA H. ADAMS, Eastern Mass.
Mrs. F. W. OWEN, New Jersey.
Miss ANNA L. DAWES, Western Mass.
Mrs. SAMUEL M. VAIL, Northern N. Y.
Mrs. J. S. BERRY, Maryland.

Mrs. MARTHA E. LANDERS, Indiana.
Mrs. MURRAY SHIPLEY, Southern Ohio.
Mrs. M. B. TAYLOR, Florida.
Mrs. LAWRENCE MYERS, Central N. J.
Mrs. EDWARD HAWES, Vermont.
Miss OLIVE T. VAUGHAN, Wisconsin.
Mrs. GEORGE E. MARTIN, Missouri.
Mrs. HENRY A. DU PONT, Delaware.
Mrs. ANDREW COWAN, Kentucky.
Mrs. JAMES G. VOSE, R. Island
Mrs. J. WARREN GODDARD, N. Y. City.
Mrs. DAVID WINTERS, Kansas.

Board of Directors

Term Expires 1895.

Mrs. JOHN RODGERS, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. A. VAN WAGENEN, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. E. R. REXFORD, Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. R. D. FISHER, Baltimore, Md.

Term Expires 1896.

Mrs. J. LEWIS CROZER, Upland, Penn.
Mrs. JOHN R. WHITNEY, Bryn Mawr, Penn.
Mrs. WM. BUCKNEILL, Philadelphia, "
Mrs. JAMES F. STONE, " "

Term Expires 1897.

Mrs. JOHN F. KEEN, Philadelphia, Penn.
Miss HOCKLEY, " "
Mrs. W. R. NICHOLSON, " "
Mrs. C. A. LONGSTRECH, " "

Treasurer

Mrs. ABRAHAM R. PERKINS, W. Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. H. L. WAYLAND, 511 S. Forty-second Street, West Philadelphia.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. A. H. FETTEROLF, Girard College, Philadelphia.

General Secretary

Miss CAROLINE REMINGTON, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Auditors

LEWIS H. REDNER.

HENRY N. PAUL.

THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE:

Founded in 1872 by the late Rev. P. W. Mc All, D. D.

known as

Mission Populaire Evangélique de France.

Paris and its Environs, Versailles, Sèvres, St. Lagny-sur-Marne Germain, Creil, Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, LeCannet, Grasse, Corsica, Algiers, Lyons, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, La Rochelle, Rochefort, Lille, Roubaix, Cherbourg, St. Etienne, Saintes, Cognac, Toulouse, Montpellier, Cette, Beziers, Poitiers, Châtellerault, Angers, Nantes, Grenoble, Calais, St. Quentin, Montmorin, Montmorillon, Chôlet, Roanne, Thiers, Auxerre, Rheims, Tonnerre, Rennes, Alençon, Lorient, Quimperlé, Bruai, Epernay, Liéven, Limoges, Aurillac, Brest, Varedes, Sotteville-Rouen, Clamecy, Tulle, Vic-sur-Aisne, St. Fortunat, Vermelle, Lourches, Lens, etc.

Hon. President :

M. LOUIS SAUTTER.

Committee of Direction :

Director and Chairman :

Rev. C. E. GREIG, M. A.

Vice-Chairmen :

Pasteur B. COUVE

Rev. E. G. THURBER, D. D.

Secretary :

M. E. J. ROUILLY.

Finance Secretary :

M. W. SOLTAU.

Correspondent and Visitor for the Provinces :

Dr. HENRY J. BENHAM.

Rev. H. E. NOYES, D.D.

M. L. RIEDER

M. E. REVEILLAUD

M. J. de NEUFVILLE

M. G. MONOD

Pasteur H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

OFFICE OF THE MISSION:

36, Rue Godot de Mauroy, Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris.

Bankers: Mess. MONROE & CO., 7, Rue Scribe, Paris.